Dem. Relent ſweete *Hermia*, and *Lyſander*, yeeld
Thy crazed title to my certaine right.
Lyſ. You haue her Fathers loue, *Demetrius*:
Let me haue *Hermias*: do you marry him.
Egeus. Scornfull *Lyſander*, true, he hath my Loue;
And what is mine, my loue ſhall render him.
And ſhe is mine, and all my right of her
I do eſtate vnto *Demetrius*.
Lyſan. I am my Lord, as well deriu'd as hee,
As well poſſeſt: my loue is more then his:
My fortunes euery way as fairely ranckt
(If not with vantage) as *Demetrius*:
And (which is more then all theſe boaſts can be)
I am belou'd of beautious *Hermia*.
Why ſhould not I then proſecute my right?
Demetrius, Ile auouch it to his head,
Made loue to *Nedars* daughter, *Helena*,
And won her ſoule: and ſhe (ſweete Lady) dotes,
Deuoutly dotes, dotes in Idolatry,
Vpon this ſpotted and inconſtant man.
The. I muſt confeſſe, that I haue heard ſo much,
And with *Demetrius*, thought to haue ſpoke thereof;
But being ouer full of ſelfe-affaires,
My minde did loſe it. But *Demetrius* come,
And come *Egeus*, you ſhall go with me,
I haue ſome priuate ſchooling for you both.
For you faire *Hermia*, looke you arme your ſelfe,
To fit your fancies to your fathers will;
Or elſe the Law of *Athens* yeelds you vp
(Which by no meanes we may extenuate)
To death, or to a vow of ſingle life.
Come my *Hippolita*; what cheare my loue?
Demetrius and *Egeus* goe along:
I muſt imploy you in ſome buſineſſe
Againſt our nuptiall, and conferre with you

Of ſomething, neerely th
Ege. With duty and de
Lyſ. How now my lou
How chance the roſes th
Her. Belike for want
Beteeme them, from the
Lyſ. Eigh me; for ou
Could euer heare by tal
The courſe of true loue
But either it was differe
Her. O croſſe! too hig
Lyſ. Or elſe miſgraffe
Her. O ſpight! too o
Lyſ. Or elſe it ſtood
Her. O hell, to chooſ
Lyſ. Or, if there were
Warre, death, or ſickne
Making it momentany,
Swift as a ſhadow; ſho
Briefe as the lightening
That (in a ſpleene) vnfo
And ere a man hath pow
The iawes of darkneſſe
So quicke bright thing
Her. If then true L
It ſtands as an edict in
Then let vs teach our t
Becauſe it is a cuſtomar
As due to loue, as thou
Wiſhes and teares; poo
Lyſ. A good perſwa
I haue a widow Ant, a
Of great reuenew, and
From *Athens* is her hou
And ſhe reſpects me, as

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Midsummer Night's Dream* (STC 22303) LONDON, 1600 [1619] UNIVERSITY OF EDIN